# Che Home Reading Circle

## THE INSINUATING OMELET.

Professor Hilsdrup tugged at the bell | ered her dignity and her faith in her rope for the second time, and glared e savagely than ever at the beautiful thing in crispy brown and yellow lying between two sprigs of parsley. Such a frown when aimed at such an omelet was unworthy of any fair-minded man. All of Mrs. Hodgson's omelets were wonderful, and this was one of her best. It looked so light as to enjoin haste in eating it, lest a little draught should take it out of the open window into the garden as easily as if it were a thistle-blow; so appetizing as to pardon beforehand the breach of good manners in crying aloud for more as soon as one had finished it. But the professor regarded it as an enemy which had treacherously stolen into his presence with murderous intent. One aggravation after another had followed since he began the day, an hour ago, with a headache which promised a billous attack in the near future.

When he had taken Mrs. Hodgson's drawing-room floor, with a sittingroom looking out on a delightful little garden and the bare walls of the British museum, some three months before, just as winter was breaking, and settled down to work on his "Isaac Newton and His Compeers," such an omelet had come up in the company of a wellloaded fruit stand for his first breakfast. As he pushed his chair back from the plate with only a faint trace of yellow left on it, he determined to have that omelet's counterpart every morning. He had it, and enjoyed it with a leisurely taste that enriches life for a man of 54, until a friend, who introduced him to mutton pie luncheons in the British museum restaurant, assured him that eggs were the making of

In truth, between mutton ples and hard work, the professor's stomach was quite out of order. He imagined it to be worse than it was, thus making it vorse than it otherwise would have been, and blamed all to the omelet. Tổ send up an omelet after he had ordefied a mutton chop appeared to him downright mutiny. Mrs. Hodgson was getting him altogether in her power, He tugged at the bell and scowled, and determined to have an "understanding" at once "Good morning, professor!" It was

Mrs. Hodgson herself who had entered. "Bon't you know," he growled, "that I am of a billons temperament, and emelets are not good for me?"
"One of my omelets?" she asked

doubtfully. She had rever seen the professor in such a mood before. She was at once indignant and chagrined. "All omelets are alike, madam!" Mine are no better than anybody

"Madam," continued the professor in a cold, hard voice, "I told Harriet last night that I most especially wanted a mutton chop for breakfast."

Then-I ate it!"

"Yes-I didn't know, Harrie: didn't say anything to me about it .I supsosed you would have an omelet, as you

'Always!-Always! For three months! It's a wonder that I have anything in my body except a liver!" He tried to and Mrs. Hodgson with another,

When I saw only one chop in the larder," said Mrs. Hodgson, her natural snap and dignity returned. I suppose it was for me, of course, as usually have a mutton chop for break-

"Ah! You don't eat your own ome-

"You don't' eat your own manuscripts!" she replied with asperity. "If you will wait, only a few minutes I will send out for a chop," she added

more pleasantly.
"No." said the professor, sitting down at the table with the air of a martyr. "No, I will eat this now that it is here. And, Mrs. Hodgson, I wish you would not arrange my papers on my desk any more. Don't touch my desk. You can throw away anything you find on the floor,"

"But, sir, you showed me how to arrange them when you first came, and you said I did it so nicely and saved you a lot of trouble."

This was too much. The professor felt that his dignity was at stake. "Mrs. Hodgson," he thundered, "I shall leave when my week is up!

She tossed her head and said, "Very well, with aggravating sweetness. professor settled down to his breakfast muttering something about "imprudent women." Once out in the hall, Mrs. Hodgson stamped her foot and exclaimed. "The old fool."

That omelet tasted uncommonly

well, as if to tantalize him. He ate it all, even to the last fragment, which tantalized him still further. Then he went over to his desk to write. His pen, his paper, his notebook were where Mrs. Hodgson had placed them, which was just where they ought to be. This also was most tantalizing. Yet he found himself, a few moments , ter, carrying his overcoat downstairs on arm' as usual and harboring a faint notion that he ought to forgive Mrs. Hodgson. She was pruning the owers on the stand in the hall, and Harriet was near her, receiving some

"Mrs. Hodgson, would you-ah?"he asked politely.
"Harriet," said Mrs. Hodgson, as she continued to snip off dead leaves,

"help the gentleman on with his overcont."
As w he went out the professor

slammed the door so hard as fairly to make the flower pots tremble, but Mrs.

# BEAUTIFUL

Soft, White Hands with Shapely Nails, Luxuriant Hair with Clean, Wholesome Scalp, produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest, for toilet, bath, and nursery. The only preventive

&&&&&&&& art, despite sour criticism. The pro-fessor determined never to forgive her To prove it he ate voraciously of the museum mutton pie for Junch

> he attributed to the omelet. He was rudely awakened next morn ng by Harriet, who was sweeping and dusting in his sitting room. Hereto-Mrs. Hodgson had made it point to attend to this herself, doing it so quietly that the professor was never However, he had his chop for breakfast, and everything else, even to the overcoat lying on the chair where he had thrown it the night before, was as he had ordered.

eon. The result was indigestion, which

After ransacking the drawers of his desk and pawing over the disordered papers on top of it in a vain search for his noteboook, which contained the fruits of three months' researches, he was anything but reassured by a hazy recollection of having nodded over it and having carelessly laid it on the chair at his side. This had happened before, but he had always found the notebook on his desk in the morning.

"Did you see a book on the floor?" he cried to Harriet, when she ha answered the fierce ringing of the Bell. "You-you said hanything on the

"Find it! Find it!" he thundered. 'Don't dare to come back without it!' Poor Harriet's face burned as she vent downstairs, for she knew, if the professor didn't, that the refuse wager had called some fifteen minutes ago The professor paced up and down, with anger in his heart against Mrs. Hodgson and her omelets, until there was a soft knock at the door, which he recognized as Mrs. Hodgson's. He presumed she had come to apologize for what she would doubtless call "an unfortunate accident." He would let her know in plain teches that hers was the worst conducted house in London,

"Your book, professor," she holding it out to him. "Though Harriet had found it on the floor, I picked it out of the rubbish, thinking I could do no harm anyway." 'Er-ah! Thank you.'

"And I have let the room for Sat urday," she said in a voice which he thought was assumed to annoy him. "Er-ah! Very well."

His friend observed that the museum mutton pie on that date was especially good. The professor ate of it heart ily, but was soon feeling so badly that he concluded to devote the remainder of the afternoon to searching for rooms. After climbing the stairs of seven different houses he began to speculate upon how in the world landladies were able to let such miserable ill-kept apartments to anybody. At one place, in a moment of absentmindedness, he actually asked if the cook ould make omelets. When the landlady said "Yes," he told her abruptly that he wouldn't think of taking her ooms. It was on his tongue's end to add that the making of omelets was not an art to be spoken of lightly, when he remembered that this was the very expression Mrs. Hodgson had once used. He determined never to utter the word "omelet" again. Weary and cross, returned to his rooms. In the mornng noisy Harriet robbed him of his sleep, and he went into his sitting-room to face a chop and a disordered desk

"Shall we have our customary mut ton pie?" the tempter asked him at "I-I have an engagement today,"

was the reply. The engagement turned out to be little restaurant in Great Russell

street, and before he realized it the learning of his stomach had put a request for an omelet into words. A lat creation, with no individuality whatsoever, overdone on one side and underdone on the other, was placed be-"Don't you know," he exclaimed fret

fully to the waitress, "that an omelet s a work of art, not to be"-Here he stopped abruptly. "But I will eat-the thing," he added.

On Saturday morning when he went out to his chop and disordered desk two strange trunks in the corner of the sitting-room reminded him that he had not yet engaged another lodging. Mrs. Hodgson came in. She hoped that his luggage was packed, as the other gentleman was coming in an hour. The professor did not reply. Twice he lifted his cup of tea and set it down without drinking.

"Then I may take it that you are reacy?" she asked.

"No. As a matter of fact, I've been so busy that I haven't had time to look about much for a place. If you have a small room that I could have only for a week, it would"-he spoke with great reserve-"be in the nature -ah-of an accommodation."

It happened by mere chance, as Mrs. Hodgson was careful to explain, that this was possible. Harriet was sent to help him carry up his belongings. When the wreckage left by the wayside had been collected and everything he possessed was piled helter-skelter in the little room on the third floor the professor concluded that he would make no attempt to put things right for so short a stay.

He heard a cab drive up in front of the house. The new lodger must have come. Prompted by a curiosity possibly inconsistent with the dignity of the author of "Isaac Newton and His Compeers," he went to the window. He stepped back in surprise. None other than his mutton-ple friend was to be his successor in the drawing-room floor. His misery was increased the following morning when he saw Harriet tak-ing one of Mrs. Hodgson's works of art in to the one who had sworn that ome-

ets were the enemies of mankind. He now fairly hated chops, and conescended to ask Harriet for an omelet for breakfast. She brought him one-of her own making. He was on the point of telling her of something that was not to be spoken of lightly but he sighed instead. A work of art

was not to be expected from Harriet. He did not go to the museum, and strategically contrived to avoid a meeting with the base interloper all the week. But once he had a very narrow escape. He had to wait at the head of the stairs while he saw Mrs. Hodgson help the interloper on with his overcoat-convincing proof that a man who ate mutton pies would stop at nothing. Though he became the terror of the landladies of Bloomsburg, Saturday found him with strange trunks in his disordered little room, and still with no apartment engaged. It also found him meek as well as miserable

## NO SLEEP FOR THREE MONTHS.

on the ground floor. There was no answer. Harriet came up from the kitchen to say that missus was making the other gentleman's omelet. She opened One Cause of Sleeplesness That Can Be Readily Overcome. the door and offered him a chair. He

the door of Mrs. Hodgson's little room

would you accommodate me again?"

'There are the hotels, professor."

on making omelets for me forever?"

she said that she would, and put the

seal on her acceptance by immediately

giving the base interloper a week's no-

tice.-Ferdinand Palmer in the Sketch

persons well-to-do seems to be passing

over Europe, four remarkable murde

England being reported in a single for-

eign mail. In all four cases the per-

petrators were quiet, respectable per-

lose, and every one of the four contains

dramatic elements enough for an old-

The trial just ended at Kherson

brought out a story that throws a

great deal of light on agrarian troubles

in many parts of Russia, and explains

the hatred shown there against Jewish

money lenders. M. Butoni de Katz-

mann belonged to an old and respected

family of Bessarabian nobles. He was

32 years of age, owned a fine estate

near Goroki, had an unblemished char-

acter, and the reputation of being

kind-hearted man and a good landlord

A succession of bad crops made it nec

essary for him to borrow money from

an usurer, as many other Russian land-owners are obliged to do. He applied

o a Jew named Oiser Dimant, a miser

noted for his wealth and harshness

Phough possessing many millions of

oubles Dimant had cast out his own

wife and family, who are living in great poverty in Kherson. He had

ruined a widowed aunt of M. de Katz-

mann, and obtained her estate, which

ordered on the lands of her nephew

He had often declared that he would

ruin and dispossess De Katzmann. The

latter, although well able to pay the

money for the day on which it fell due, expecting that he could obtain

PAID THE DEBT.

Dimant, however, had a grudge

against him, and not only insisted or

foreclosing the mortgage, but wished

to do it in person, and accompanied

the commissary of police, whose duty

estate. M. deKatzmann, although much excited, received him politely

and was courteous throughout the in

terview. Dimant, on the other hand.

was brutal and insulting, and ad-

dressed his debtor throughout con-

of opinion arose as to whether parts

of the estate came under the mortgage

or not, De Katzmann yielding till they

came to a wagon and pair of horses

which he wished to use to go to a

neighbor's funeral. He asked the Jew

to leave them out for forty-eight hours. Dimant refused, saying that he meant

to strip the shirt off his debtor's back

Then De Katzmann turned upon him.

and, saying, "Let us put an end to this,

Dimant; here is a settlement of my

debt," drew a revolver an shot him,

the ball lodging in the Jew's back. As

he fell De Katzmann went on. "And

here is your interest in full," and put

three more bullets into the usurer's

head, kiling him outright. It happened

so quickly that the commissary could

De Katzmann surrendered himself at

brain fever and placed in a private

asylum, from which he was taken to

stand his trial. The case took up eight

days, when the jury acquitted him on the ground that the brutal conduct of

his creditor had made him irresponsi-ble at the moment of shooting. As

soon as he was beleased De Katzmann was taken back to the asylum, as he

WOMEN IN THE CASE.

The Bulgarian and Italian cases are

Anna Simon had irritated her lover

carriage with her on the train in com-

pany with M. Novetics, prefect of po-

lice at Philippopolis, and the gendarme.

After they had started the gendarme

chloroformed the girl, and when the

train reached the bridge over the River

Maritza, the Major, the prefect, and he

lifted the body and pushed it through

the window, letting it fall into the

stream below. The Maritza is a wild

torrent and had then overflowed its

bank, so that it was sure that the body

would be carried away quickly. Major

Boitcheff and Prefect Novetics are un-

der arrest, but the trial is delayed while

THE LAST CRIME.

Fifteen years age Captain Igeno

Neri-Serneri of the Italian army while

quartered at Voghera with his regi-

ment, made the acquaintance of a

country girl named Rosa Ardizzone, one

result of which was the birth of a boy, of whom the captain was declared to

He expected to shake

search is being made for the body.

had not yet recovered his senses.

He was soon prostrated with

not interfere.

tale:

Differences

temptuously with "thou."

was to draw up an inventory of the

nortgage, neglected to collect

xtension of time as usual.

"I haven't a room left."

"I'm-I'm sorry."

turer Kill Women.

fashioned romance.

From the New York Sun.

Mr. William Handschu of 46th street waited in vexation, longing for re-venge, longing to show up the mutton Cotton alley, Pittsburg, Pa., expresses himself as follows regarding the new pie interloper, who secretly adored emedy for that common and obstinate omelets, in his true colors, Finally Mrs disease, piles: "I take pleasure h disease, piles: 'I take pleasure in stating that I was so afflicted with piles that for three months I got no regular sleep; I become good; my brothard to get a room requires a deal of looking about, doesn't it?".

She did not say whether it did or not.

"If it would not be too much trouble—would you accommodate me again?" ex " flent medicing I should be on for back. I take great pleasure in writing this letter because so many people are sufferers from the trouble who like "Mrs, Hodgson-Mrs, Hodgson!" he myself did not know where to look for a permanent , reliable, safe cure. burst out tragically, "will you not go Experience with the Pyramid Pile

Cure in the past three years has dem-After a little blushing and parrying enstrated to the medical profession, as well as to thousands of sufferers fr an piles, that it is the safest and most effectual pile cure ever offered to the public, containing no opiates or poisons t any kind, painless and convenient to FOUR STRANGE MURDERS handic, and being sold by druggists at 0 cents and \$1.00 per box, is within the each of every sufferer.

A Russian Noble Slavs a Usurer, a Very frequently two or three boxes Bulgarian Prefect of Police Throws have made a complete cure of chronic cases that had not vielded to other a Girl Into a River, an Italian Land-

emedies for years. Owner and a British Steel Manufac-There is scarcely a disease more ag-cravating and obstinate to cure than the various forms of piles and it is a omnion practice to use otntments. An epidemic of crimes of violence by salves and simflar preparations containing dangerous poisons to removthe trouble. The Pyramid has supercases from Russia, Bulgaria, Italy and eded all of these ineffectual remedies and no one suffering from any rectal trouble will make any mistake in glying the Pyramid a trial. ons with wealth and social position to

if in doubt as to the nature of your trouble send to the Pyramid Drug Co. Albion, Mich., for a valuable litt'e ook on piles, describing all forces of he disease and describing the method

of cure. Any druggist can furnish the Pyraold Pile Cure as it is the best known and most popular remedy for piles and you ask him he can doubtless refer u to many people in your vicinity the have been cured completly by it

carrison to another, begging him to teknowledge his paternity. She purued him to Pojano, where his family and large estates and where the captain died without having satisfied her She then appealed to his lemands. elatives for justice, and one night last July went with her son to the hous-Signor Nerino Neri-Serneri, aptain's brother, and asked to see his vite. They told her to go away. A violent quarrel ensued, in which the whole household took part, and soon after Rosa Ardizzone's dead body was ound on the highway with the boy rying over it. The body was covered with bruises and cuts, and near by was a heavy sword cane which Ser neri's wife usually carried.

Mrs. Serneri died in prison before the trial came off. Her husband has just een sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, to pay 15,000 francs to the murered woman's son, and 50,000 francs to trial. One of his servants was also condemned for a long term of impris-

mment. The motive of the English crime i as yet a mystery. Mr. Spencer, a very wealthy and well-known steel maker of Newburn, near Newcastle, has a beautiful estate at Greenhaugh, one of the prettiest spots in the North Tyne district. He is 37 years of ago and was devotedly attached to his oung wife. One pleasant evening, fortnight ago, the two were rambling about the estate, and Mr. Spencer stopped to chop trees with his game keeper for half an hour, starting ther for the house with his wife. He was en an hour later near a certain part of his wood very much excited, and tried to avoid some friends who drove up in a carriage. Mrs. Spencer not appearing, a party was sent out to search for her, and the police were called in. When asked by the Sergeant where his wife was, Spencer replied, "Oh, she is in the wood gather-ing daffodils. She will come shortly." Another search was made, when Mrs Spencer's body was found in the wood lying face downward, covered with boughs and tufts of grass that had been plucked by hand and care-fully laid over her. There were wounds on her head, neck and back. Her husband was arrested and charged with murdering his wife, to which he answered that it was not a joke. The only explanation offered so far is that ne must have beeen seized with a sudden attack of insanity, ; ;

CONKLING'S IDEAS.

What He Thought of the Newspaper and Their Possibilities. Writing in the Chicago Record of the

alike in that in each an inconvenient last time he saw Roscoe Conkling, Wilwoman was gottenrid of the peculiarity iam E. Curtis said: He recalled the in both being the social position of the first time I met him, which was at his murderers. A handsome young Hunhome in Utica while I was a college garian woman named Anna Simon disstudent. He commended my choice of appeared suddenly from Philippopolis profession. He spoke of the influence last April. She was known to be the of newspapers for good and for evil mistress of Major Boitcheff, a member and deplored their tendency to publish of Prince Ferdinand's personal staff, and sensations, and particularly to place had a two-year-old child by him. When a sensational construction upon ordishe was no longer seen he was susnary events for the purpose of selling pected of having done away with her, more copies upon the street. business proposition he did not think but after a few days telegrams camfrom Vienna saying that she was visthere was any profit in it. The reviting friends there and asking that her enues of a newspaper came from the letters be sent to her. The Bulgarian regular subscribers and advertisers and not from the street sales, and while big headlines and a lurid treatment officials suspected the telegrams and asked the Viennese police to look the matter up. They found that the sender of topics might catch passengers on was a cheesemonger, who had been street cars and the habitues of saloons asked to send the despatches by his son, and barber-shops they certainly did not the stationmaster at the Philippopolis draw a regular patronage He held that men of lofty ideas only railroad station. Following this clue they finally found a gendarme who con-

should be permitted to edit newspapers, and that none but gentlemen of edufessed to having had a share in the murder and told this extraordinary cation and refinement should be employed as reporters, because in these days reporters had more influence in by asking for money. He induced her shaping public opinion and educating the people than those who contributed to go to Vienna and to tell her friends to the editorial page. of her intention. He entered the same

GUESSING AT MOTIVES.

Another great evil in the press was attributing motives to the acts of public men and private citizens as freely as if editors and reporters had the omniscience of the Almighty. God alone, he said, could judge of the motives of men, for He only could read hearts. In his own experience Mr. Conkling said that no newspaper had ever been right when it attempted to analyze his motives. It had always been wrong, and he believed that was true in the experience of every man. He also deplored the tendency of frivolity, a popular habit among newspaper writer to amuse themselves at the expense of serious people. He was particularly severe in his denunctation of the habit of invading the homes and private lives of people. What happens behind the front door of a man's house, he said, was sacred. All civilized nations recognized that a man's house is his castle, and the highest officers of the meek as well as miserable.

off all responsibility, but Rosa was law had no right to invade it. For the He went downstairs and knocked on tenacious and followed him from one same reason newspapers should be

forbidden to do so. A good newspape e said, was the most instructive agent of morals that ever existed; a bad newspaper was the most destructive

THE PROVINCE OF HISTORY.

Mr. Conkling spoke of his own sufferings from the injustice of newspaper critics who had attacked his manners his morals and his motives. He also acknowledged his indebtedness to the press, particularly when he first entered public life, and the assistance his newspaper friends had been to him. "You are making history," he said, "every time you write a line for a newspaper and you should always renember what effect the article wil have upon the reader-whether it will do him good or harm. History should be accurate, but not too minute. Eyents should be studied in the perspective. The eagerness to get news and the haste to publish it prevents writers from discussing events with accuracy and proper reflection."

Then, calling me to the window, which commanded a view of the New Jersey highlands, he added: "You see those forests wrapped in a purple haze. The brilliant autumn tints against the blue horizon make a beautiful picture. They illustrate what history should be. The outlines are graceful and imposing, we admire the colors and the glow, and we forget that they conceal decayed trunks, dead limbs, unsightly underbrush and leaves that are rotting in the ground. So history should cover the faults and the vices of men, and present for the emulation of the people only their noble aspirations and achievements."

### INCOGNITOS OF ROYALTY. Names Under Which Various Person-

ages Cloak Their Identity. It is interesting to note the different

neognitos which European rulers now use. The Queen of England now travels under the name of Countess of Balmoral, while the Prince of Wales assumes the title of Count of Chester. The Empress of Austria is known outside of her own country only as the Countess of Hohenems. Ex-Empress Eugenie, of France, travels as the Countess de Pierrefonds; the King of Belgium as the Count of Murany; the ex-Queen of Naples as the Duchess de Castro; the King of Portugal as Count Barellos: Queen Amelia, of Portugal, as the Marquise de Villacosa; the Crown Prince of Sweden as Count Carlsborg; Queen Regent Christina, of Spain, as the Countess of Toledo, and Dowager Empress Frederick, of Germany, as Countess von Lingen.

In connection with these so-called ncognito titles, it is remembered that in Germany, as well as in all other continental countries, there are strict laws against assuming and traveling under aliases, fines and even imprisonment being provided by the police regulations for an infringement of this

MAN IS A MARVEL.

The Wonderfulness of the Human Body's Mechanism. From the Ladies' Home Journal.

The human body is an epitome in nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every the government for the costs of his kind. There are more than three hundred and ten mechanical movements known to mechanics today, and all of these are but modifications of those found in the human body. Here are found all the bars, levers, joints, pulleys, pamps, pipes, wheels and axles ball and socket movements, beams girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science.

At every point man's best mechanical ork can be shown to be but adapta tions of processes of the human body a revelation of first principles in na-

## TRY GRAIN-O! TRY GRAIN-O

Ask your Groeer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it. without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocba or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. \( \frac{1}{2}\) the price of coffee. Inc. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

SPECIAL THROUGH CARS

Daily (except Sanday) via Central Railroad of New Jersey Beginning June 28, 1897, leaving Scran-ton at 8,20 a. m. for

LONG BRANCH.
OCEAN GROVE, ASBURY PARK, BELMAR (Ocean Beach)
SPRING LAKE,
SEA GIRT, ETC.

This will be kept up for the entire season especially for the accommodation of families, as it will enable passengers to secure and retain comfortable seats the entire journey.

J. H. OLHAUSEN, H. P. BALDWIN,
General Supt. Gen'l Pass. Agt.



CONRAD'S TRUNKS & BICYCLE SUITS

Prices Right. 305 Lacks. Ave.



produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail You's men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Falling Memory, Vasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. In not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards of Jusanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, as other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address ROYAL MFDICINE CO. 53 River St. CHICAGO. IF For Sale by MATTHEWS BROS., Druggelist Stranton, Pa. FRENCH REMEDY



Largest package-greatest economy. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Philadelphia

Has full and complete stock of all the latest up-todate styles in

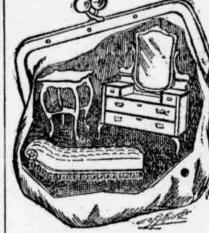
213 LACKAWANNA AVENUE.

Belts, Waist Sets, Rogers' Silvar -Plated Ware, Sterling Silver Spoons,

at the very lowest possible prices at

213 Lackawanna Avenue.

BARBOUR'S 425 LACKA. AVE.



LOOK IN THE POCKETBOOK and no matter how small the sum available for the purchase of Furniture, it will repre-sent more and better goods if expended in our store. It is really wonderful how far a

The Finest Line of

## BELT BÜCKLES

Ever seen in Scranton. Silver Gilt and Silver set with Amethysts, Carbuncles. Garnets and Turquoise, mounted on Silk, Leather and the latest Thing, Leather covered with

May be found at MERCEREAU & CONNELL'S AGENTS FOR REGINA MUSIC BOXES, 130 Wyoming Ava.

Peaches, Cherries, Pineapples, Plums. Also fancy home-grown

Strawberries. W. H. PIERGE, PENN AVE. MARKE

ROBINSON'S SONS' Lager Beer Brewery

Manufacturers of the Celebrates

CAPACITY

100,000 Barrels per Amoum | tomorrow.

AND SUMMER RE SORTS.

The opening of this famous resort under new management will take place early in June.

Situated in the southern corner of Susquehanna county on the shores of beautiful Crystal Lake, Fern Hall is one of the most attractive places in the State of Pennsylvania to spend a few weeks during the heated term. Every facility is afforded for the entertainment of its guests,

BEST OF FISHING, BOATING AND

Pure Mountain Air, Beautiful Scenery,

Telephone service in the hotel.

daily from Carbondale.

Cuisina Unsurpassed. the table being supplied from Fern Hall farm.
Postal Telegraph and Long Distance

Write for Terms, Etc., to

Tally-Ho coaches make two trips

C. E. ATWOOD, MANAGER,

Crystal Lake, Dundaff, Pa.

SPRING HOUSE, Heart Lake, Pa. U. E. Crofut, Prop. Strictly temperance, newly remodeled and furrished. Fine groves, large lawn, dancing pavilion, croquet grounds, etc. Bicycle bont, sail boats, 15 row boats, fishing tackle, etc., free to guests. Take D., L. & W. via Alford Station, Write

THE MATTHEW,

302 First Avenue, ASBURY PARK, N. J. Near the Beach and Promenade. All conveniences and comforts for perand transient table, the best beds, and most approved

sanitary equipment. For particulars, etc., address G. W. MATTHEWS,

THE MURRAY HILL MURRAY HILL PARK, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The best located and best furnished hotel on the St. Lawrence river. Accommodations for 300 guests.

> Opens June 25th, 1897. F. R. WHITE, Prop.



Cor. Sixteenth St. and Irving Piace, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN PLAN, \$3.50 Per Day and Upwards. EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.50 Per Day and Upwards.

GEO. MURRAY, Proprietor.

# The St. Denis

Broadway and Eleventh St., New York, Opp. Grace Church.-European Plan. Rooms \$1.00 a Day and Upwards. in a modest and unobtrusive way there are few better conducted hotels in the metropolis than the St. Denis.

The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its homelike atmosphere, the paculiar excellence of its cutsine and service, and its very moder-ate prices.

WILLIAM TAYLOR AND SON

Have you a vacant room in your house? A One-Cent - a - Word Tribune "Want" will quickly fill it for you. Try one